NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 49—VOL. XVII. NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1806 NO. 883

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

(*Continued.*)

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand,
Nor was perfection made for man below:
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good countenancing ill, and gladdens woe.
BEATTIE.

OSBORNE could not but lament the infatuation of her mother, which had exposed her to such casualties. The little ebony box laid on her lap, it contained all her wealth, and was likewise the repository of all her hopes and fears—and but a few months would elapse before they must be finally confirmed. "Alas, (said she) it may then be too late; there is no prospect for me but despair." She stopped the first night at ———, and was much surprised, in the morning, to observe a servant in livery conversing familiarly with the postilion, who seemed to dismiss him abruptly on her appearance. She had not travelled many miles, when a chariot passed her with servants in the same livery;—and though she was certain it was soore visitor at the Castle, she could not, in the present confusion of her ideas, call to mind to whom it belonged. She, however, drew herself up in the chaise, in hopes of avoiding notice; and, as the other carriage had the advantage of four horses, it was soon out of sight. At Carlisle where she stopped, she found the same carriage in the Inn yard, and then, for the first time, made some enquiry of the postillion. He affected to be totally ignorant of any particulars. The curiosity of Osborne remained ungratified, and she retired to the apartment allotted to her.

She had not remained many minutes alone, when the door of her apartment was abruptly thrown open, and a gentleman entered. He was wrapped in a cloak, which entirely concealed his figure; and a large hat was flapped over his face: he hastily locked the door of her apartment, and taking a pair of pistols from his pocket, laid them on the table. Alarmed at this solemnity of preparation, Osborne was for a time unable to speak, till the stranger advanced towards her, and said in a low voice, "Forgive this determined behavior, Miss Fitzroy, to which your caprice has urged me. You perceive I am no longer to be trifled with. Hear what I have to say, and if you would restrain me from violence, offer no interruption." He then threw off his hat and cloak, and discovered to the astonished Osborne, the person of Sir Lionel Stakewell! Relieved from her apprehensions of robbery and murder, Osborne burst into a loud laugh, which for a moment disconcerted the Baronet. At length he continued, "In me, charming Osborne, you behold one, who, from the first hour of your admission into Clifford Castle, has unceasingly admired you; but your cruelty and pride wounded my feelings in a manner I can scarcely describe. I was not at a loss to penetrate the cause of your apathy towards me, and was sorry to think you capable of such underhand conduct." Surprise, contempt and resentment, chained the tongue of Osborne, while he proceeded, "I heard, with much concern, that the eyes of the Duke were opened, and that you were to be dismissed before the return of the young men." "Sir, (cried Osborne indignantly,) you assert a calumny; my own choice occasioned my departure from the Castle: you have really taken vast pains to pursue, terrify, and insult me, and I am at a loss to divine the cause of such an unwarrantable liberty." "Dearest girl, (cried he, seizing her hand, which she withdrew forcibly,) think not, conjure you, that I mean to terrify or insult you. I have, indeed, pursued you hither; and I knew that if I did not use the utmost circumspection, you would cautiously avoid me: but I hope you will form a just estimation of the services I would render you, in desiring to save you from the sneers and reproaches of your town friends, by offering you the protection my person and fortune can afford. I know you are a resolute girl, and could ill support such mortification!" Osborne rose with a glance of contempt. "Resolute I am, Sir Lionel; and can far better support the idle whisperings of ignorance, than this premeditated insolence. I must add, that as I am equally weary of my journey and present company, I shall take the freedom of begging you to withdraw." "Let me tell you, Madam, (returned the Baronet, angrily,) these airs do not suit your present condition. You are not now the *favorite* of a Duke, whose exalted rank can enable him to set opinions at defiance; for the libertinism of Drelingforth is well known to the world; but you are the disgraced mistress of an infatuated youth, who is blind to your other indiscretions; and you should rather be grateful to one who, even under such circumstances, condescends to notice you."—"Really, Sir Lionel, (replied she, calmly,) your accusations are so absurdly arranged, that they excite in me nothing but astonishment that a man of your talents should not have fabricated a better story wherewith to work my passions: as it is, I am unspeakably indebted to you for the kind concern you take in my behalf; and can only assure you, that were I even the degraded being you wish to suppose me, I should place little dependence on the favor or protection of such a being as yourself: as I am not, I look down upon you as one of the most despicable creatures in existence. Know, also, that I neither esteem nor fear you." "You may have more cause for the latter than you imagine," retorted Stakewell: "bold as you are, you can scarcely defy me here: no one in this house will dare to dispute my commands: I am landlord of the estate and all here are my people." "That we shall see," cried Osborne, springing to another door, which he had not perceived, and forcing it open, attempted to escape along the gallery.—Sir Lionel eagerly pursued her, and caught her habit. Turning with fury, Osborne seized him by the collar, and with admirable dexterity, threw him down the whole flight of stairs; then leaped over him, and ran rapidly along the passage. Her course was impeded by a gentleman passing, who caught her arm, and, in an accent of joy and surprise, exclaimed, "Miss Fitzroy! is it possible! what means this confusion?"—The voice of the Baronet, uttering execrations, and the number of people running to assist him, gave no time for explanation. "Save, protect me, (cried Osborne) I have been insulted, menaced and detained by a villain. Take me from hence and I will tell you all." Monmouth could not help smiling: "You have inflicted rather severe chastisement on him, Osborne: but, come, I will escort you to my inn; it is more reputable than this. An unlucky, or, I may say, a lucky accident has detained us on the road.—The overturning of the chaise we were in, has hurt the Marquis severely, and, fearful of alarming his mother, we rested here incog. He is much better, and we shall return to-morrow to our dear friends at the Castle. But has this fellow dared to take you forcibly from the protection of the Duchess? If so, by Heaven I will punish him." They by this time reached the inn, where Osborne requested he would not mention her to the Marquis, and then entered into a recapitulation of past events. The altered looks of Monmouth, and his tender solicitude, gave Osborne the conviction that she was not indifferent to him. It was a discovery which gave her more pain than pleasure. His momentary starts of gaity were evidently forced. He spoke of Lady Alexina as one of whom he sincerely, even tenderly esteemed; yet acknowledged that he felt repugnant to the union;—while Osborne extolled her with the most animated warmth of friendship. As they conversed, he drank frequent glasses of wine, till at last his spirits became completely exhilarated, and, thrown off his guard, he said, "Miss Fitzroy, you are the most charming, most inconsistent of your sex; and even while praising, with enthusiastic energy, the virtues and beauties of another, make your own so conspicuous, that nothing can catch the mind but the object before us." "You have learnt the art of flattery on the continent, I find, (returned Osborne, smiling;) but it is misapplied when addressed to me, I assure you, Mr. Grafton. However inconsistent I may seem, an hour will, I trust, arrive, when all my inconsistencies can be satisfactorily explained: till then, let each remember their separate duties." "But mine are too painful for recollection," returned Monmouth. "Why so? is it painful to love Alexina?" "Most severely so, if the heart is devoted to another." Osborne sighed. "Am I to conclude that your's has played truant, Monmouth?" "No, Osborne, it has never wandered; for it was yours from the moment in which I first beheld you. Even the volatile Marquis acknowledged the irresistable power of your attractions, while honor—friendship—bound me in silence." "And should have bound you still," said Osborne, rising and pacing the room with agitation. "Merciful heaven! what a fate is mine!" "Am I so detestable in your eyes?" asked Monmouth, dejectedly. "Oh, no, far from it: my truest friendship is yours!" "And can your frigid heart own no warmer claim? Osborne, say but you love me, and I shall be happy." He clasped her in his arms as he spoke, filled with the tenderest emotion. "Forbear, (cried she, disengaging herself in terror.) You will one day blush for this. Forfeit not my good opinion for ever, in a moment of inconsiderate passion."—Monmouth retreated. "By heaven, your eyes

[illegible] power to awe me. O [illegible]re. I deserve your rebuke; but judge not me only of me. If I for an instant forgot what was due to myself and to you: forgive me, if I dared to encourage hopes, founded on the injury your character has lately sustained." Osborne looked earnestly at him. "Sir," said she, firmly, "I know that when the fair fame of woman is once blemished, she is exposed to the licentious sneers of every libertine and coxcomb: from you, indeed, I formed far other expectations. For the censure of those who have not candour enough in their own breasts to allow for the deceptive appearances which so frequently occur in life, I care little; nor can I suffer so materially from their groundless calumny, as many who have not *equal ability* to refute such assertions, yet labor under a stigma, which in time propels them to the commission of errors of which they before only bore the false accusation. A liberal mind is cautious of being premature in its condemnation. From the domestic inconvenience which some suffer on my account, I hope I shall soon have the power to release them." "Dearest girl," said Monmouth, kissing her hand respectfully, "I am convinced: accept all the atonement I can offer. Be mine, and every engagement shall be cancelled." "I wish to make no such extortions, Mr. Grafton. I can never be yours; I am the sworn friend of Lady Alexina: her interests are dearer to me than my own. The secret you have this night divulged shall be buried in my bosom. Go Grafton; endeavour to make a worthy, lovely woman happy; and may you be ever so." "Impossible, (returned he, with a sigh.) My peace is destroyed: but your inflexible notions of honour shall not be disregarded. Farewell: to-morrow we separate, perhaps for ever." Again he pressed her hand to his lips, and they parted.

Osborne passed a sleepless night; her spirits were too much disturbed to permit of her taking any rest; and her interview with Monmouth in the morning was very short, nothing further transpired on the subject of the last evening's conversation. When Osborne arrived in Oxford-street, she was kindly received by her guardian. He had frequently waited on the Duke, to arrange pecuniary matters; and was a plain-spoken, well-meaning man. He introduced her to his wife, who gave her a welcome far exceeding her expectations. Her eyes frequently filled with tears as she gazed on her; and she sometimes expressed the liveliest regret, that the sphere in which Osborne had hitherto moved, had prevented her soliciting her friendship. Osborne once made some slight enquiries respecting her mother; but Mrs. Moreland always cautiously evaded them, and at times affected the utmost ignorance; but Osborne readily perceived that this was but a preconcerted scheme to baffle her inquiries. One day Mr Moreland entered her apartment much agitated. "Prepare yourself, my dear, (said he,) for a strange visitor. Have you not some particular papers of your mother's which have never yet been inspected?" "I have, Sir." "Well then, they must be shortly examined." "By whom, Mr Moreland?" "By an elderly gentleman, who called here this morning before you came home. He made particular inquiries after your family, some of which my wife answered to his satisfaction: but, when she mentioned you, his joy was remarkable." "Merciful Powers!" ejaculated Osborne, "can it be my father!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PLUMB PUDDING.

WHEN the late Lord Paget was ambassador at Constantinople, he, with the rest of the gentlemen who were in a public capacity at the same court, determined on one gala day, to have each of them a dish dressed after the manner of their respective countries, and Lord Paget, for the honor of England, ordered a piece of roast beef and plumb pudding. The beef was easily cooked, but the court cooks not knowing how to make a plumb pudding, he gave them a receipt:—So many eggs, so much milk, so much flour, and a given quantity of raisins, to be beaten up together, and boiled for three hours in five gallons of water.—When dinner was served up, first came the French ambassador's dish—then that of the Spanish ambassador—and next, two fellows bearing a tremendous pan, and bawling *"room for the English ambassador's dish!"* "By the mother that bore me," cried [illegible]ship, "I forgot the bag; and these stupid [illegible]rds have boiled it without one—and in five gal[illegible] of water too! It will be good *plumb-broth* nowe-

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

Extracted from "An Ode to Madness," *by the* REV———'ENLOSE.

WHO's that wretch with terror wild?
'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.
Sunk in 'th extremity of grief,
Nor can he ask, nor dare he hope relief.

Deep in his twilight cell the victim lies,
And ever and anon he cries,
(While anguish rends his tortur'd soul,
Express'd by many a bitter groan,)
"Bring the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
To finish mis'ries equal to your own."

Thou, fair Religion! wast design'd,
Etherial daughter of the skies,
To elevate the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene:
Till Superstition, child of woe!
Bade doubts to rise and tears to flow,
And spread dark shades our view and Heav'n between

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
His beams of mercy thrown aside,
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope at the sight aghast, yet ling'ring flies,
And lost on terror's rock, faith's best dependance dies

THE SORROWS OF JESSICA.

OH! attend to the tale of poor Jessica's sorrow,
Of one, who, alas! was the offspring of pride,
Whose parents ne,er thought of the wants of to-morrow,
Without friends or fortune was I when they died.

Nurs'd by Folly and Splendour, in infancy's season,
My studies *accomplishments only* have taught;
Not one useful art was bestow'd on my reason;
I'm driv'n to despair by the harrowing thought.

By labor, a living to gain I'm unable:
The name of a beggar sounds harsh in my ears:
I would plead for the fragments of Plenty's full table,
But, alas! I can plead for them only with tears!

While I whisper this sorrowful tale to your feelings,
The dew-drops of anguish fall quick from my eyes;
Let mercy still prompt to compassionate dealings,
Relieve her distress, or poor Jessica dies?

BALLAD.....BY DIBDIN.

THE world's a strange world, child, it must be confest,
We all of distress have our share,
But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
By my troth 'tis no great matter where.
We all must put up with what fortune has sent,
Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
So that is but a portion of ease and content,
By my troth 'tis no great matter which.

A living's a living, and so there's an end:
If one honestly gets just enow,
And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth 'tis no great matter how.
In this world about nothing we busy'd appear:
And I've said it again and again,
Since quit it one must, if ones conscience be clear,
By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG CHILD.

WHEN you, poor infant first were born
To view the light of day,
While others bless'd the happy morn,
You cried and pin'd away.
But let your life be such that, when
You're doom'd to death's cold sleep,
Well pleased you may look back, and then
May smile while others weep.

ANECDOTE.

BY MR. THICKNESS.

HAVING landed at Southampton, about the year 1752, from the Island of Jersey, and lodging in that city, opposite the market-house, I was daily accosted by a remarkable well looking woman, who had a stand there for the sale of asparagus, greens, fruit &c. with "Nothing in our way to-day, Sir,?" In short, this womans captivating manners were such, that I had no idea of dealing with any one in any other way but herself. Upon my asking her one morning the price of her asparagus, she made so high a demand, that thinking myself at Jersey instead of Southampton market. I replied, in French, *" c'est trop."* "Indeed Sir," replied my elegant fruitress, "I have not drank a drop to day." I instantly recollected my mistake, explained it, and asked what she supposed I had said! She replied, (still preserving her temper and the utmost address and good manners) "I thought, Sir, you said I were drunk." I begged pardon, and expressed my surprize that she could have supposed I could have said so rude a thing to so handsome and well behaved a woman, and we parted both perfectly satisfied.

A Southampton friend, who dined with me that day, commending her asparagus very much I thought a little commendation due also to the accomplished vender of them, related what had passed between us, and desired he would observe her appearance from the window, as she was still at herstand in the market. "Do you know who she is?" said my friend. "That woman, Sir, is the sister of the present Duchess of Chandos?" I determined the next morning to give her handsel, and the following dialogue passed between us. "Pray, Madam," said I, "are you sister to the Duchess of Chandos?" "Yes, Sir, I am." "And does your sister take no kind notice of you?" "Yes, Sir, she takes a proper notice of us all; we are many sisters," "What sort of notice does she take?" "Why she sent for us all up to London, cloathed us suitable to our stations in life, sent a servant to shew us such things in London as were likely to amuse such strangers, put some money in our pockets, (observing that the Duke is not rich) and then paid our journey back again:" adding, "What else could she do? for we were not fit to be set down at the Duke's table." What an instance was here of good sense and refined judgement. It were a pity, thought I, that there had not been another good-tempered Duke to have given to this woman also a husband; for she too was certainly worthy of gracing any man's table.

Her Grace, when a girl of 14 years of age, served as pot girl to an old woman who kept an ale-house near the entrance gate of the city of Winchester; and when the old harridan was told of the sudden and exalted situation of her quandom maid: "Aye, aye," said she, "I always told her, Nan, you'll come to good—you'll come to good, Nan." *Lon. pap.*

A LACONICK EPISTLE REVERSED IN THE REPLY.

When General Boyd was Governour of Gibralter, he once wrote an order to a Mr. Brown, his agent in London, for provissions for the garrison, but forgot to insert what he wanted for his own private store until the letter was sealed up, and the vessel by which it was to be sent on the point of sailing: he therefore wrote on the outside "BROWN BEEF BOYD." His agent returned his provision with an epistle equally laconick, written immediately under the direction, "BOYD, BEEF, BROWN."

WINTER.

From the bleak North, in sable dress'd,
Winter now comes—with age oppress'd;
Blear eyed—his back bent like a bow,
His bald head deeply capp'd in snow:
With shrunken cheeks, and frightful beard
Of isicles:—His voice is heard
In howling tempests—and his train—
Compos'd of fogs, wind, snow, and rain,
With scanty light obliquely given
From the remotest part of Heaven:
His visage wrinkled and severe,
Strikes Nature with a chilly fear:
Languid her pulse and spirits beat,
And, frighted, to her heart retreat;
Where'er he moves, wild horror reigns,
He spreads destruction thro' the plains,
Till Hope, once more, on cherub-wing,
Points the return of youthful Spring,
At whose approach the tyrant flies
To cheerless Patagonian skies.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

——Perfect bliss
Lives only in the brain.——
GIFFORD.

Whilst waiting yesterday morning until the servant appeared with my breakfast, I was startled upon hearing a loud clattering on the stairs, and immediately afterward, the voice of my old landlady, in its shrillest key, exclaiming, "mercy on me, what has that blundering girl done now! As I live, she has broken the china cup and saucer which was given me by my dear dead husband, Mr. M'Care-enough! Surely no poor woman in this world was ever plagued with such careless creatures. Get out of my sight, hussey, this instant! Aye, one may toil and broil all one's days, and never scrape together sufficient money to bury one decently at last! But some folks are so *misfortunate!* I could never say This has been a good day, or, That has proved a lucky bargain: but it is grievance upon grievance, and one loss after another, all my life long." I heard no more; for, having collected the scattered fragments, she retired into the parlour, and loudly closed the door: but in about half an hour, the girl more successfully waited upon me with a most antique tea service of delph ware, curiously disfigured, and informed me, that her mistress could not supply me with china than at less than a shilling per week extra, as that very morning she had suffered a greater loss on that account, than she could ever recover as long as she had to live.

I am ignorant of the value of this china; nor can I calculate chances; but I thought the old lady indulged in more grief than the occasion demanded; and I fancied that the constant unhappiness of which she complained, had arisen principally from her own foolishness. In the sphere of our mental existence are two poles: the north is the region of Sadness or Pain; the south pole, that of Health and Joy. On the south of the equator, but not too near the pole, lies Happiness. In passing, therefore, from one extreme to the other, every man must, at some time, have been happy. If, then, it be possible to be so once, why not frequently?—and if frequently, why not always?

If it be said, that we only possess happiness comparatively, and at the moment of escape from the dread or influence of some great evil, and that, consequently, happiness cannot always be enjoyed, I confess that I don't call that happiness. There is a bliss to which the mind is excited only by pleasant emotions, at which time the heart feels as if swimming in delight. This I have experienced; and I sincerely hope that it has occasionally, at least, been the portion of all my fellow-creatures.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 18, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week—of consumption 7, apoplexy 2, convulsions 4, decay 2, dropsy 3, typhus fever 3, hives 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, still born 2, cancer, cold, debility, bilious fever, inflammation of the brain, old age, small pox, whooping cough, of each one.—Men 8, women 8, boys 13, girls 8.—Total 37.

On Monday morning the barn belonging to Mr. John Poillon, on the south side of Staten-Island, with six horses, hay, grain, &c. was consumed by fire. Last year this time, it is said he met with a similar loss. It is singular that in this neighborhood there is a barn or two burnt every year.

Drowned, on his passage from Shelburne for Halifax, George Gracie, Esq. a very respectable merchant of the former place.

The man who killed Lord Nelson, was observed, in the act of firing, by a midshipman on the poop of the Victory, who fired at him and either killed or wounded him, as he immediately fell down on the quarter deck of the Trinidada. He had previously shot capt. Adair, and wounded the signal lieutenant Pascor.

Francisco Son, the Portugue, who was apprehended on suspicion of having murdered a nigger of the name of Graham, in Charlotte-st. in the month of June last, had his trial on Thursday in the court of oyer and terminer now sitting at the city hall. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

GRINNING MATCH.

A grinning match lately took place at Fowey—The prize a roll of tobacco. A Cobler and a Taylor entered the lists; Snob was three grins a-head, when a fellow, who had betted deeply on Snip contrived to tread on one of his corns, which had such an effect upon his countenance, that he instantly gained the prize!

A Young Gentleman very conceited and vain of himself, but who, by the bye, was rather disagreeable, with a face much pitted with the small-pox, not long since addressed by a drunken man, after admiring him some time, to this effect—"Indeed, sir, when *carved work* comes in fashion, you will be the handsomest man I ever saw."

TO THE LADIES.

Many females have lost their lives, or been very much injured by their cloathes catching fire. To this danger, the inflammability of their gowns which are generally of muslin or calico, exposes them; particularly since they are accustomed to have the trails of their gowns, so *extravagantly long*. It is therefore recommended to them to rinse their calico or muslin gowns in allum water, made by dissolving a piece of allum of the size of a hen's egg, or even less, in a quart of water, or in that proportion. That by this simple means all danger of the loss of life will be prevented, any one may have sufficient evidence, by burning a rag of muslin, so rinsed and dried, and then another rag unprepared. The first will burn gradually and with difficulty; while the second will flame immediately.

Conn. Courant.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Hail, noblest union! see the happy pair,
With mutual raptures join their blissful hands.—
O Love! thy powerful rays of bliss appear,
Far as the boundless realm of space expands.

MARRIED.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Joshua Fisher, to Miss Elizabeth Powel Francis, daughter of Tench Francis, Esq. deceased.

Same place, at the Friend's, North Meeting, John D. Smith, to Elizabeth Thomas.

Same place, at Market-street Meeting, Othniel Alsop, to Hannah Brown.

Same place, Joseph Gilbert, to Miss Sarah Croker.

MORTALITY.

Death levels all—e'en now he bends his bow,
And none of us can tell which first must go!
Spirit Divine! then guide our arduous way
Through this dark world to worlds of perfect day.

DIED,

At Philadelphia, Mr. Patrick Lincham, merchant,

On Sunday evening last, of a lingering illness which she bore with great patience and resignation, Mrs. Sarah Robinson, wife of Mr. W. J. Robinson, and daughter of Mr. Samuel Franklin of this city, aged 42.

On the 8th. instant, after a short illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. Titus Evans, bookseller of this city, in the 62nd year of his age.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be Presented a new Comedy, called

WHO WANTS A GUINEA;

To which will be Added,

RAISING THE WIND.

LEGHORN FLATS & BONNETS.

A. SAUNDERS informs his customers and others that he has just received a supply of Leghorn Flats, some of which are of a superior quality, which will be sold on moderate terms, made or unmade, by the case or single dozen, at his store No. 101 Maiden-Lane.—Likewise, Silk Velvet, Feathers, Sarsnets, &c.

Dec. 12, 1805. 879. tf.

BOOKS & STATIONARY

of every description.

For sale at this Office.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket-Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

ALMANACS,

FOR THE YEAR 1806,

Just Published, and for Sale at this Office, by the groce, dozen, or single one.

SACRED MUSIC.

READ'S *COLUMBIAN HARMONIST,*

A NEW EDITION,

Just received and for sale by JOHN TIEBOUT,

No. 238 Water-Street;

Who has for sale Foolscap Writing and Wrapping PAPER, suitable for Grocers.

A large supply of Walkden's best British INK-POWDER, for sale at this office.

[illegible] power to awe me. O [illegible]ne. I deserve your rebuke; but judge not me only of me. If I for an instant forgot what was due to myself and to you: forgive me, if I dared to encourage hopes, founded on the injury your character has lately sustained." Osborne looked earnestly at him. "Sir," said she, firmly, "I know that when the fair fame of woman is once blemished, she is exposed to the licentious sneers of every libertine and coxcomb: from you, indeed, I formed far other expectations. For the censure of those who have not candour enough in their own breasts to allow for the deceptive appearances which so frequently occur in life, I care little; nor can I suffer so materially from their groundless calumny, as many who have not *equal ability* to refute such assertions, yet labor under a stigma, which in time propels them to the commission of errors of which they before only bore the false accusation. A liberal mind is cautious of being premature in its condemnation. From the domestic inconvenience which some suffer on my account, I hope I shall soon have the power to release them." "Dearest girl," said Monmouth, kissing her hand respectfully, "I am convinced: accept all the atonement I can offer. Be mine, and every engagement shall be chancelled." "I wish to make no such extortions, Mr. Grafton. I can never be yours; I am the sworn friend of Lady Alexina: her interests are dearer to me than my own. The secret you have this night divulged shall be buried in my bosom. Go Grafton; endeavour to make a worthy, lovely woman happy; and may you be ever so." "Impossible, (returned he, with a sigh.) My peace is destroyed: but your inflexible notions of honour shall not be disregarded. Farewell: to-morrow we separate, perhaps for ever." Again he pressed her hand to his lips, and they parted.

Osborne passed a sleepless night; her spirits were too much disturbed to permit of her taking any rest; and her interview with Monmouth in the morning was very short, nothing further transpired on the subject of the last evening's conversation. When Osborne arrived in Oxford-street, she was kindly received by her guardian. He had frequently waited on the Duke, to arrange pecuniary matters; and was a plain-spoken, well-meaning man. He introduced her to his wife, who gave her a welcome far exceeding her expectations. Her eyes frequently filled with tears as she gazed on her; and she sometimes expressed the liveliest regret, that the sphere in which Osborne had hitherto moved, had prevented her soliciting her friendship. Osborne once made some slight enquiries respecting her mother; but Mrs. Moreland always cautiously evaded them, and at times affected the utmost ignorance; but Osborne readily perceived that this was but a preconcerted scheme to baffle her inquiries. One day Mr Moreland entered her apartment much agitated. "Prepare yourself, my dear, (said he,) for a strange visitor. Have you not some particular papers of your mother's which have never yet been inspected?" "I have, Sir." "Well then, they must be shortly examined." "By whom, Mr Moreland?" "By an elderly gentleman, who called here this morning before you came home. He made particular inquiries after your family, some of which my wife answered to his satisfaction; but, when she mentioned you, his joy was remarkable." "Merciful Powers!" ejaculated Osborne, "can it be my father!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PLUMB PUDDING.

WHEN the late Lord Paget was ambassador at Constantinople, he, with the rest of the gentlemen who were in a public capacity at the same court, determined on one gala day, to have each of them a dish dressed after the manner of their respective countries, and Lord Paget, for the honor of England, ordered a piece of roast beef and plumb pudding. The beef was easily cooked, but the court cooks not knowing how to make a plumb pudding, he gave them a receipt:—So many eggs, so much milk, so much flour, and a given quantity of raisins, to be beaten up together, and boiled for three hours in five gallons of water.—When dinner was served up, first came the French ambassador's dish—then that of the Spanish ambassador—and next, two fellows bearing a tremendous pan, and bawling "*room for the English ambassador's dish!*" "By the mother that bore me," cried [illegible]ordship, "I forgot the bag; and those stupid [illegible]ordels have boiled it without one—and in five gal[illegible] of water too! It will be good *plumb-broth* howe-

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

Extracted from "An Ode to Madness," *by the* REV———'PHOSE.

WHO's that wretch with terror wild?
'Tis Devotion's mind'd child.
Sunk in 'th extremity of grief,
Nor can he ask, nor dare he hope relief.

Deep in his twilight cell the victim lies,
And ever and anon he cries,
(While anguish rends his tortur'd soul,
Express'd by many a bitter groan,)
"Bring the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
To finish mis'ries equal to your own."

Thou, fair Religion! wast design'd,
Etherial daughter of the skies,
To elevate the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene:
Till Superstition, child of woe!
Bade doubts to rise and tears to flow,
And spread dark shades our view and Heav'n between

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
His beams of mercy thrown aside,
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope at the sight aghast, yet ling'ring flies,
And lost on terror's rock, faith's best dependance dies

THE SORROWS OF JESSICA.

OH! attend to the tale of poor Jessica's sorrow,
Of one, who, alas! was the offspring of pride,
Whose parents ne,er thought of the wants of to-morrow,
Without friends or fortune was I when they died.

Nurs'd by Folly and Splendour, in infancy's season,
My studies *accomplishments only* have taught;
Not one useful art was bestow'd on my reason;
I'm driv'n to despair by the harrowing thought.

By labor, a living to gain I'm unable;
The name of a beggar sounds harsh in my ears:
I would plead for the fragments of Plenty's full table,
But, alas! I can plead for them only with tears!

While I whisper this sorrowful tale to your feelings,
The dew-drops of anguish fall quick from my eyes;
Let mercy still prompt to compasionate dealings,
Relieve her distress, or poor Jessica dies?

BALLAD.....BY DIBDIN.

THE world's a strange world, child, it must be confest,
We all of distress have our share.
But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
By my troth 'tis no great matter where.
We all must put up with what fortune has sent,
Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
So that is but a portion of ease and content,
By my troth 'tis no great matter which.

A living's a living, and so there's an end:
If one honestly gets just enow.
And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth 'tis no great matter how.
In this world about nothing we busy'd appear:
And I've said it again and again,
Since quit it one must, if ones conscience be clear,
By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG CHILD.

WHEN you, poor infant first were born
To view the light of day,
While others bless'd the happy morn,
You cried and pin'd away.
But let your life be such that, when
You're doom'd to death's cold sleep,
Well pleased you may look back, and then
May smile while others weep.

ANECDOTE.

BY MR. THICKNESS.

HAVING landed at Southampton, about the year 1752, from the Island of Jersey, and lodging in that city, opposite the market-house, I was daily accosted by a remarkable well looking woman, who had a stand there for the sale of asparagus, greens, fruit &c. with "Nothing in our way to-day, Sir,?" In short, this womans captivating manners were such, that I had no idea of dealing with any one in any other way but herself. Upon my asking her one morning the price of her asparagus, she made so high a demand, that thinking myself at Jersey instead of Southampton market. I replied, in French, "*c'est trop.*" "Indeed Sir," replied my elegant fruitress, "I have not drank a drop to day." I instantly recollected my mistake, explained it, and asked what she supposed I had said! She replied, (still preserving her temper and the utmost address and good manners) "I thought, Sir, you said I were drunk." I begged pardon, and expressed my surprize that she could have supposed I could have said so rude a thing to so handsome and well behaved a woman, and we parted both perfectly satisfied.

A Southampton friend, who dined with me that day, commending her asparagus very much I thought a little commendation due also to the accomplished vender of them, related what had passed between us, and desired he would observe her appearance from the window, as she was still at herstand in the market. "Do you know who she is?" said my friend. "That woman, Sir, is the sister of the present Duchess of Chandos?" I determined the next morning to give her handsel, and the following dialogue passed between us. "Pray, Madam," said I, "are you sister to the Duchess of Chandos?" "Yes, Sir, I am." "And does your sister take no kind notice of you?" "Yes, Sir, she takes a proper notice of us all; we are many sisters." "What sort of notice does she take?" "Why she sent for us all up to London, cloathed us suitable to our stations in life, sent a servant to shew us such things in London as were likely to amuse such strangers, put some money in our pockets, (observing that the Duke is not rich) and then paid our journey back again:" adding, "What else could she do? for we were not fit to be set down at the Duke's table." What an instance was here of good sense and refined judgement. It were a pity, thought I, that there had not been another good-tempered Duke to have given to this woman also a husband; for she too was certainly worthy of gracing any man's table.

Her Grace, when a girl of 14 years of age, served as pot girl to an old woman who kept an ale-house near the entrance gate of the city of Winchester; and when the old harridan was told of the sudden and exalted situation of her quandom maid: "Aye, aye," said she, "I always told her, Nan, you'll come to good—you'll come to good, Nan." *Lon. pap.*

A LACONICK EPISTLE REVERSED IN THE REPLY.

When General Boyd was Governour of Gibralter, he once wrote an order to a Mr. Brown, his agent in London, for provissions for the garrison, but forgot to insert what he wanted for his own private store until he letter was sealed up, and the vessel by which it was to be sent on the point of sailing: he therefore wrote on the outside "BROWN BEEF BOYD." His agent returned his provision with an epistle equally laconick, written immediately under the direction "BOYD, BEEF, BROWN."

WINTER.

From the bleak North, in sable dress'd,
Winter now comes—with age oppress'd;
Blear eyed—his back bent like a bow,
His bald head deeply capp'd in snow:
With shrunken cheeks, and frightful beard
Of isicles:—His voice is heard
In howling tempests—and his train—
Compos'd of fogs, wind, snow, and rain,
With scanty light obliquely given
From the remotest part of Heaven:
His visage wrinkled and severe,
Strikes Nature with a chilly fear;
Languid her pulse and spirits beat,
And, frighted, to her heart retreat:
Where'er he moves, wild horror reigns,
He spreads destruction thro' the plains,
Till Hope, once more, on cherub-wing,
Points the return of youthful Spring,
At whose approach the tyrant flies
To cheerless Patagonian skies.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

——Perfect bliss
Lives only in the brain.——
GIFFORD.

Whilst waiting yesterday morning until the servant appeared with my breakfast, I was startled upon hearing a loud clattering on the stairs, and immediately afterward, the voice of my old landlady, in its shrillest key, exclaiming, "mercy on me, what has that blundering girl done now! As I live, she has broken the china cup and saucer which was given me by my dear dead husband, Mr. M'Care-enough! Surely no poor woman in this world was ever plagued with such careless creatures. Get out of my sight, hussey, this instant! Aye, one may toil and broil all one's days, and never scrape together sufficient money to bury one decently at last! But some folks are so *misfortunate!* I could never say This has been a good day, or, That has proved a lucky bargain: but it is grievance upon grievance, and one loss after another, all my life long." I heard no more; for, having collected the scattered fragments, she retired into the parlour, and loudly closed the door: but in about half an hour, the girl more successfully waited upon me with a most antique tea service of delph ware, curiously disfigured, and informed me, that her mistress could not supply me with china than at less than a shilling per week extra, as that very morning she had suffered a greater loss on that account, than she could ever recover as long as she had to live.

I am ignorant of the value of this china; nor can I calculate chances; but I thought the old lady indulged in more grief than the occasion demanded; and I fancied that the constant unhappiness of which she complained, had arisen principally from her own foolishness. In the sphere of our mental existence are two poles: the north is the region of Sadness or Pain; the south pole, that of Health and Joy. On the south of the equator, but not too near the pole, lies Happiness. In passing, therefore, from one extreme to the other, every man must, at some time, have been happy. If, then, it be possible to be so once, why not frequently?—and if frequently, why not always?

If it be said, that we only possess happiness comparatively, and at the moment of escape from the dread or influence of some great evil, and that, consequently, happiness cannot always be enjoyed, I confess that I don't call that happiness. There is a bliss to which the mind is excited only by pleasant emotions, at which time the heart feels as if swimming in delight. This I have experienced; and I sincerely hope that it has occasionally, at least, been the portion of all my fellow-creatures.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 18, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week—of consumption 7, apoplexy 2, convulsions 4, decay 2, dropsy 3, typhus fever 3, hives 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, still born 2, cancer, cold, debility, bilious fever, inflammation of the brain, old age, small pox, whooping cough, of each one.—Men 8, women 8, boys 13, girls 8.—Total 37.

On Monday morning the barn belonging to Mr. John Poillon, on the south side of Staten-Island, with six horses, hay, grain, &c. was consumed by fire. Last year this time, it is said he met with a similar loss. It is singular that in this neighborhood there is a barn or two burnt every year.

Drowned, on his passage from Shelburne for Halifax, George Gracie, Esq. a very respectable merchant of the former place.

The man who killed Lord Nelson, was observed, in the act of firing, by a midshipman on the poop of the Victory, who fired at him and either killed or wounded him, as he immediately fell down on the quarter deck of the Trinidada. He had previously shot capt. Adair, and wounded the signal lieutenant Pascor.

Francisco Son, the Portugue, who was apprehended on suspicion of having murdered a rigger of the name of Graham, in Charlotte-st. in the month of June last, had his trial on Thursday in the court of oyer and terminer now sitting at the city hall. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

GRINNING MATCH.

A grinning match lately took place at Fowey—The prize a roll of tobacco. A Cobler and a Taylor entered the lists; Snob was three grins a-head, when a fellow, who had betted deeply on Snip contrived to tread on one of his corns, which had such an effect upon his countenance, that he instantly gained the prize!

A Young Gentleman very conceited and vain of himself, but who, by the bye, was rather disagreeable, with a face much pitted with the small-pox, not long since addressed by a drunken man, after admiring him some time, to this effect—"Indeed, sir, when *carved work* comes in fashion, you will be the handsomest man I ever saw."

TO THE LADIES.

Many females have lost their lives, or been very much injured by their cloathes catching fire. To this danger, the inflammability of their gowns which are generally of muslin or calico, exposes them; particularly since they are accustomed to have the trails of their gowns, so *extravagantly long*. It is therefore recommended to them to rinse their calico or muslin gowns in allum water, made by dissolving a piece of allum of the size of a hen's egg, or even less, in a quart of water, or in that proportion. That by this simple means all danger of the loss of life will be prevented, any one may have sufficient evidence, by burning a rag of muslin, so rinsed and dried, and then another rag unprepared. The first will burn gradually and with difficulty; while the second will flame immediately.

Conn. Courant.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Hail, noblest union! see the happy pair,
With mutual raptures join their blissful hands.—
O Love! thy pow'rful rays of bliss appear,
Far as the boundless realm of space expands.

MARRIED.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Joshua Fisher, to Miss Elizabeth Powel Francis, daughter of Tench Francis, Esq. deceased.

Same place, at the Friend's, North Meeting, John D. Smith, to Elizabeth Thomas.

Same place, at Market-street Meeting, Othniel Alsop, to Hannah Brown.

Same place, Joseph Gilbert, to Miss Sarah Croker.

MORTALITY.

Death levels all....e'en now he bends his bow,
And none of us can tell which first must go!
Spirit Divine! then guide our arduous way
Through this dark world to worlds of perfect day.

DIED,

At Philadelphia, Mr. Patrick Lincham, merchant,

On Sunday evening last, of a lingering illness which she bore with great patience and resignation, Mrs. Sarah Robinson, wife of Mr. W. J. Robinson, and daughter of Mr. Samuel Franklin of this city, aged 42.

On the 8th. instant, after a short illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. Titus Evans, bookseller of this city, in the 62nd year of his age.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be Presented a new Comedy, called

WHO WANTS A GUINEA;

To which will be Added,

RAISING THE WIND.

LEGHORN FLATS & BONNETS.

A. SAUNDERS informs his customers and others that he has just received a supply of Leghorn Flats, some of which are of a superior quality, which will be sold on moderate terms, made or unmade, by the case or single dozen, at his store No. 101 Maiden-Lane.—Likewise, Silk Velvet, Feathers, Sarsnets, &c.

Dec. 12, 1805. 879. tf.

BOOKS & STATIONARY

of every description.

For sale at this Office.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket-Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

ALMANACS,

FOR THE YEAR 1806,

Just Published, and for Sale at this Office, by the groce, dozen, or single one.

SACRED MUSIC.

READ'S *COLUMBIAN HARMONIST,*

A NEW EDITION,

Just received and for sale by JOHN TIEBOUT,

No. 238 Water-Street;

Who has for sale Foolscap Writing and Wrapping PAPER, suitable for Grocers.

A large supply of Walkden's best British INK-POWDER, for sale at this office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

Selected for the New York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SONG.

WHAT pleasures can compare,
To a sleighing with the fair,
In the ev'ning, the ev'ning, in cold and frosty weather!
When rapidly we go,
As we *jingle* o'er the snow,
And tantarra, huzza! and tantarra, huzza! and tantarra, sings ev'ry brave fellow.

When to Kings-bridge we get,
And the turkey's on the spit,
And we dance, boys, we dance, boys, and drive away all sorrow,
'Tis then your milk and tea,
Gives place to "strong sangree,"
And we banish, huzza! and we banish, huzza! and we banish the cares of to-morrow.

When the turkey's roasted brown,
To supper we sit down,
And "keep it up," and "keep it up," sings every jovial fellow,
With the wine glass in his hand,
He never makes a stand,
But *guzzles*, huzza! but *guzzles*, huzza! and *guzzles* it away until he's mellow.

Now for York again prepare,
And the night is cold and clear,
And we're *stowing close*, we're *stowing close*, because 'tis chilly weather....
O then what fun we feel,
When the sleigh it takes a heel,
And we're *huddl'd*, huzza! and we're *huddl'd* huzza! and we're *huddl,d* brave boys altogether.

'Tis then the ladies cry,
O lud!...O dear!....O my!....
And we *scrabble*, boys....we *scrabble* boys, all from the snowy weather:
Then in the sleigh again,
Do we *scamper* o'er the plain,
And tantarra, huzza! and tantarra, huzza! and tantarra, sings every brave fellow.

ON CARE.

AWAY, dull thought, far hence away;
Nor to annoy me dare,
I'll cherish Pleasure while I may,
And ever banish Care.
Away! away!
Nor dare to stay,
Corroding care!

E'en to be sad I hold it wrong,
For sighs infect the air;
Then ever let it be my song—
Away, away with care!
Begone! begone!
Thy power I scorn,
Dull baseborn Care!

The ills which grieving mortals know,
Are simple, I declare,
Reflection, our most mortal foe,
Ne'er smooths the brow of Care!
Depart! depart!
Nor wound my heart,
Pernicious Care!

Throughout the world there haps no ill
But each man has his share;
The wife laugh on and gild the pill
'Tis only fools seek Care.
Pass on! pass on!
'Tis e'er my song,
Away with care!

MAXIM.—It is the glory of a brave man to be such, that if fidelity was lost in the world, it might be found in his breast.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder pure Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 8d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1805. 833. 1y.

TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK.

DYING BALLS FOR ALL KINDS OF COLOURS

These BALLS from the celebrated Manufactory of Mr. Wully, of Paris, may be ranked among the most useful and pleasing modern inventions, since in less than a quarter of an hour, by means of these Balls, gowns, shawls, gloves, stockings, &c. may easily be dyed at pleasure.

This dye will give a new cast to silk stuffs, but more so, to lawn, cambrick muslin, dimity, &c.

There are also Balls to blue linen and give it a bright shining whiteness not to be obtained by any other process.

Directions for using these Balls will be delivered with them, printed in French and English.

These Balls are to be found at Mr. Desmiers' store, No. 119 William-Street.

November 30, 1805. 876—8w*

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

☞ A few servants on the books well recommended.

Those persons who wish to apply for places as above, is requested to produce satisfactory references.

May 25, 1805. 856—tf.

LIVERPOOL, SCOTCH & VIRGINIA COAL.

Best Liverpool, Scotch & Virginia Coal may be had by applying to S. Freeman, No. 26 Roosevelt-Street.

November 30, 1805. 876—tf.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chimical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums care braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1805. 861 tf.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing BLUE upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.

June 1, 1805. 856, 1y.

REMOVAL.

PETER STUYVERSANT Jun. *Ladies Shoemaker*, has removed his Store from No. 141 to No. 115 William-street, the house lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Fradgely. Peter Stuyversant jun. returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their past Patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which, no endeavors shall be wanting; at the same time he begs leave to inform them, that he has recieved by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of Fancy Leather, for Ladies Shoes, all kinds of Kid and Morroccos.

N. B. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Decr. 28, 1805. 880. 4m.*

20,000 DOLLARS,

THE HIGHEST PIZE.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS,

In the Batten-Kill Road Lottery,

In Wholes, Halfs, Quarters,

& Eights.

☞ Tickets bought at this Office examined *gratis*.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP,

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.